

One of Them Things

INTRODUCED BY THE TIVOLI QUARTETTE

S.M.S.



WORDS BY
THOS. B. ROBERTS

Published by
RILEY & DENNI
Music Publishers
KANSAS CITY, MO.

MUSIC BY
LUCIEN DENNI
Composer of Oceana Roll, Red Devil, Etc.

Dedicated to Harry P. Berkshire, Kansas City, Mo.

"ONE OF THEM THINGS"

Words by THOS. B. ROBERTS.

Music by LUCIEN DENNI.
 Composer of "Oceana Roll"
 "Red Devil Rag" etc.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction consisting of two staves of music. This is followed by a vocal melody line on a single staff, which includes the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves of music. A section labeled "Till Ready" follows, with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The score then returns to the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

Spiv-vins was the prize "dub" up - on the base-ball field, But
 John-son bought a mot-or, car 'twas long and low and fast; He
 Van-der-gould was wealth-y, a mul-ti-mil-lion-aire; He

tho' he could - n't hit the ball his place he'd nev-er yield. One
 boast-ed that he'd nev-er let an-oth-er car get past. One
 had an on-ly daugh-ter who was hand-some young and fair. A

day the cru - cial game ar - rived, the pen - nant was at stake; The
 day while speed - ing down the road at quite a live - ly pace; He
 score of suit - ors court - ed her and sought to win her hand; They

home team came to bat last time; two out, two runs to make. A
 heard a noise be - hind and said, "Here's where we have a race." With
 were the pick of all the fine young men thro' - out the land. But

man on first base that helped some, but Bill came up to bat; The
 spark and throt - tle o - pened wide the old car seemed to fly "De -
 Fath - er said "No lo - cal stock is good e - nough for me; My

root - ers groaned and gave up hope the min - ute they saw that. But
 feat and dust" laughed Jack "will make that oth - er fel - low cry." But
 name must be en - rolled a - mong the high no - bil - i - ty." So

when the first ball crossed the plate they heard an aw - ful "swat," The
 his un known op - po - nent gained and gained, to his sur - prise; And
 when a for - eign "count" ar - rived Dad says "My boy, you'll do." She

hit - less won - der had "made good," and this is what he got:—
 when he turned to look this sight met his as - ton - ished eyes:—
 now writes "count - ess" to her name, but this is what she drew:—

CHORUS.

One of them things, one of them things, that ball soared up and
 One of them things, one of them things, A real live mot - or
 One of them things, one of them things, That lit - tle o - val

out in space like it had tak - en wings. His face a - dorns the
 cy - cle cop with all the fur - nish - ings. The judge said "Twen - ty -
 yel - low fruit which lem - on rais - ing brings. A bank - rupt, weak in

hall of fame, each fan his glo - ry sings; That "hom - er" won the
five and costs, I guess, will clip your wings;" Jack's driv - ing slow where-
brain and knees, who claims the blood of kings; Dad's mon - ey bought a
day and game he got one of them things. — things. —
e'er he goes he saw one of them things. — things. —
piece of "cheese" she's got one of them things. — things. —

4. A Chesterfield was Chauncey, he loved the social life,
He wooed society's gayest belle, and won her for a wife,
Ambition's flower then bloomed for "Chauncey" he plunged into the swirl
'Twas ball and party, dinner, dance in one unceasing whirl.
Cotillions never were complete when Chauncey didn't lead
And he was "doped" to reach the social ladder's top indeed.
But best laid plans of mice and men, they oft say go amiss,
He's given up all social life, the reason is just this:
CHOR. — One of them things, one of them things.
The kind all dressed in fluffy clothes, that good old stork-bird brings.
The social swirl sees "Chauncey" no more, Right close to home he clings,
In cold pajamas he walks the floor, He's got one of them things.
5. A poker game was in full swing, with every man a shark,
When I walked little Willie Green, he looked an easy mark,
They asked him to join in the game so just to please, he did;
When with a knowing wink the sharks removed the limit's lid.
Poor Willie was a good way "in" then looked into a "hand"
One man stayed in and drew one card, says Willie Green "I'll stand"
The betting ran for half an hour, the shark thought "I can't miss"
Reached for the pot and showed four kings, but Willie layed down this:
CHOR. — One of them things, one of them things,
Six, seven, eight, nine and ten, all spades, the bunch yelled "Ouch that stings"
But Willie's now a mot'rist bold, he wears two diamond rings,
He's quit the game of poker cold, he got one of them things
6. Now Farmer Jones had made the cash, and piled up quite a wad;
Said he, I'll make of my son John more than a common clod,
I'll send him off to college, for an education grand,
And make of him a cultured man, a credit to the land.
So John went off to college, just a simple rural lad,
But when he came back home, the sight most paralyzed his dad,
The country boy had undergone a metamorphosis
A human, when he went away, he had become just this:
CHOR. — One of them things, one of them things,
With freakish clothes and speech beyond your worst imaginings,
With trousers hung so high, and hose of rainbow colorings,
A bull-dog pipe close to his nose, Rah! Rah! One of them things.

